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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, APRIL 4, 1901. NUMBER 5

LET others pen-and-ink the sea, the air, (as I sometimes try)—but now I feel to choose the common soil for theme—naught else. The brown soil here, (just between winter-close and opening spring and vegetation)—the rain-shower at night, and the fresh smell next morning—the red worms wriggling out of the ground—the dead leaves, the incipent grass, and the latent life underneath—the effort to start something—already in shelter'd spots some little flowers—the distant emerald show of winter wheat and the rye-fields—the yet naked trees, with clear interstices ,giving prospects hidden in summer—the tough fallow and the plow-team, and the stout boy whistling to his horses for encouragement—and there the dark fat earth in long slanting stripes upturn'd.

WALT WHITMAN.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1901. NUMBER 5

In the recent death of Arthur Edwards, of Chicago, the Methodists have not only lost a great editor but Chicago has lost a wise citizen, a public spirited man who in quiet ways wrought for the identity of politics and religion, a man in whom the worshiper and the voter were beautifully blended. He was a friend of liberal things and loved to see the world get along, and what is better, was always pushing or pulling forward.

The reputation of a humorist is an embarrassing one. Mark Twain has carried on the industry of manufacturing laughter so long that it is hard for the public to understand that he is a serious man, competent to take serious views of serious subjects. No man is more in earnest than is Mark Twain in the recent controversy about the missionary, and this is a case where Mark Twain cannot be smiled out of court. Gentlemen of the press, we must do something besides laughing over this problem.

The Literary Digest gives some startling figures that indicate the loss to the American trade caused by the Boxer uprising. During the first ten months of 1900 there was a decrease of nearly four million dollars in the cotton trade alone. And this is but one of many items. This is hard upon American merchants, but it suggests the heavier burden which China itself must have borne. It, not foreign nations, is the great sufferer from this painful destruction, not the individual man so much as the corporate man. The organizing life of the world has been seriously interfered with. The remedy must come from the physician and not the warrior. It is a subject for patient study, not wild resentment or campaigning bravado.

In these days of wholesale abuse of Chicago "for political effect only" it is well to be reminded of certain sanitary forces that are at work here. For an interesting epitome of the work that is being done by the juvenile court of Chicago see *The Literary Digest* for March 30. Judge Tuley, Chicago's noblest chancellor, has said that the "juvenile court is the greatest work of the kind ever undertaken in Illinois. More can be done in ten years in the juvenile court to suppress crime than can be accomplished in fifty years in the criminal court." The figures bear out the good judge's opinions. During the year ending June 30, 1900, 1,095 boys were paroled out of 1,339 arraigned. And out of those paroled only 203 were returned to the court. The hidden work that has brought about this result is represented by the work of the "probation officers," a majority of which we believe are women. UNITY columns await an available statement of their work.

Stephen Phillips, the young English poet of such promise who has so skillfully rendered into dramatic form the Dante story of "Paola and Francesca" and the Bible story of Herod, is now said to be at work on a dramatization of the Odyssey. Browning when a young man wrote in rapid succession eight great dramas. It was his training for better or at least different work. So may it be with young Phillips. The drama is a great, perhaps the greatest field for poetic expression, but the young life of the English speaking world is today waiting for a new poet of the new life. Not that the old poets are outworn but that there is need of the assurance, aye, the demonstration, that the very latest output of human life is not only capable of yielding us poets but it is capable of putting great material into poet hands. The perplexities of today need to be rendered into poetry and the problems of today can be solved only by the help of the poet who is in the last analysis always not only the burden bearer but the solver of problems.

Thanks to the generous diligence of the Associate Editor the Senior Editor's hand has been but little in evidence in the columns of UNITY during the last three issues. He has just returned from his usual March escape from the Chicago climate and that touch of "spring fever" which in his boyhood was called "laziness," which in later years he has dignified with the word "weariness." His itinerary this year took him to Birmingham and Tuskegee, Ala., and Macon, Ga. He rested by giving nineteen lectures and addresses in nineteen days. He touched life through the university extension centers of Birmingham and Macon, through Booker T. Washington's great industrial university, through the convict labor at the Pratt mines, through various school gatherings, public and private, primary and college, through the devastations of the Birmingham cyclone. In many other ways he studied the problems of religion and morals in church and in school room, the industrial problem as related to shop and cotton field, to black man and white man. Something of all this will find its way into these editorial columns later along.

Mr. Robert A. Woods, of Boston, speaking of the Hull House work in Chicago, says that it "represents a massing together of practically the whole variety of such appliances of charity, philanthropy and popular education as are demanded by means of a large and otherwise neglected immigrant neighborhood." He says further that "the Hull House has come to exercise a profound influence upon the whole life of Chicago," to which we should like to add, that all this has been achieved through the potency of personality; not only the pervasive personality of the leader, Miss

Addams, but the many individual workers whose individuality the leader has so respected that each one is allowed to express their individuality in their own way and on their own line. Chicago today needs nothing so much as to learn the potency of personality and to realize how dead the millions are, however applied, when they are manipulated from without rather than appropriated, absorbed, fused by a heat from within. And one more thing Chicago needs to realize that the need of such centers as the Hull House is not confined to "immigrant neighborhoods," but they are needed wherever passionate, discouraged and distracted life is massed together. When Chicago will begin to believe more adequately in the power of men and women, it will get along faster.

"The Practice of Immortality." This is the suggestive title of one of the most sane and beautiful sermons on the exhaustless topic that it has ever been our lot to read. It is by Washington Gladden and is neatly printed in a little Easter brochure by the McClelland Company, of Columbus, Ohio. Dr. Gladden, like all men of profoundest faith, rests his Easter hopes on internal foundations. He does not ask "for what people call scientific evidence." He voices the experiences of the millions as well as the ultimate verdict of philosophy when he says "proofs that appeal to any of my senses would never satisfy me. * * * That the senses can be deceived and hoodwinked I am perfectly sure; for that reason no miracle would strengthen my faith." He justifies Huxley's daring assertion that "science rests on a great act of faith." Love is found by loving and life by living. He finds in the title of a Catholic book an illuminating suggestion of what religion is, viz., "the practice of the presence of God," and the title of his sermon he finds in Aristotle, who said, "We must practice immortality." The psalmists, ancient and modern, come willingly to his help and the words of the poets from the Hebrew bards to Browning, serve him. UNITY appropriates his phrase and in it and with it sends its Easter greetings to its readers. It is the "practice of immortality," not the proof or the demonstration that should profoundly concern us.

The Chicago Election.

Chicago has just passed through what is probably the most boisterous and expensive municipal campaign ever conducted in the city. It was a campaign that reflects little credit upon the city and fails to represent the true temper of the people of Chicago, as is shown by the result. It was a campaign of personalities and exaggerations. Carter Harrison was elected for the third time as Mayor of Chicago with a majority of over twenty-eight thousand. Charles F. Gunther, the Democratic candidate, reached over thirty-three thousand plurality, while the republicans carried off the majority among the aldermen elected, which showed that so far as the City of Chicago is concerned the Independents are numerous enough to decide the issues in any local election.

Mayor Harrison was elected not because he was a democrat but in spite of it, not because his administration had been satisfactory in many details but because on the great questions of franchise, street transportation and the relation of the great wealth combinations to the public interest he had proven himself trustworthy. And Judge Hanecy was defeated not because his name was on the republican ticket, but because he was the choice of "Billy" Lorrimer and his infamous gang and not the choice of the decent republicans of Chicago. Had the republican convention nominated its real choice, John M. Harlan, the clean, nervy, powerful man, perhaps the most eligible man by natural endowment and ethical dignity in Chicago politics today, would probably have been elected with a significant majority.

The election of Mr. Harrison simply means that the people of Chicago took little interest in the "stage thunder" of the national parties and that they prefer to have dirty streets to having no streets at all. They had rather endure a Mayor who winked at a defective police system and flirted with a saloon constituency with which he has little in common, for partisan reasons, to trusting a man who was obviously in league with the unscrupulous combination of capital and the hidden traction iniquities that a few years ago bought up the legislature of Illinois and perpetrated the infamous Allen law, and that until the Municipal Voters' League six years ago laid a hold of the gigantic task of purifying the city council, trafficked in that same council as cattle are bought and sold in the market place.

Altogether the personality of the new council is steadily improving. The election of young Honore Palmer by clean methods and on high issues is a significant and hopeful fact. Here is a young man of vast wealth, with travel and wide social acquaintance consenting to forego his life of ease and of pleasure that he may do his share of the hard and unpleasant work necessary to a worthy administration of his native city. It is comparatively an easy thing and not a rare thing for the representatives of wealth to offer their dollars as excuse for their neglect of civic duties. It is a rarer thing to find representatives of wealth and social position who are willing to give themselves and take a hand in that commonwealth to which they belong and to bear the burdens of that civic responsibility from which they cannot escape. UNITY welcomes Honore Palmer into this rank of higher workers and extends to him its congratulations. Another triumph of the Independents is worthy of note, thanks to the foresight and splendid energy of the Municipal Voters' League, the non-partisan organization of the common council is assured beforehand and the disgraceful lapse of a year ago will not be repeated and the ground then lost will be partly regained.

In Memoriam.

Lyman Clark.—We cannot permit our absence from the editorial desk to prevent a word of appreciation of the life of an old schoolmate and a faithful minister of liberal things though it be a belated word. Lyman Clark, whose earthly career was brought to an abrupt ending in Ayers, Mass., on the 7th ult. by the stern summons of pneumonia, graduated at the Meadville Theological school in the year 1869 and he was soon after ordained into the Unitarian ministry and settled at

Petersham, Mass. His ministry, covering a period of over thirty years, was divided between this place and Ayers and Andover, N. H. At this last place he rendered a signal service to the liberal academy of the town. Mr. Clark came to Meadville in mature life, developed by the world more than by the schools. He had won the rank of a major in the war for the union. He came from southern Illinois. His school years were marked by great diligence. His persistency conquered and made way where talent less virile, would have been discouraged and defeated. Wherever he went and whatever he undertook proved this notable energy and an undaunted devotion to the public good. He went to Ayers at a time of serious moment to the church at that place. It was struggling with the problem of a heavy debt. Mr. Clark was looked to as the man for the emergency and when he took hold of the problem he did not let go until it was won, declined installation until the task was accomplished.

Under whatever denominational name Mr. Clark may have worked his work was for the community. He took his citizen conscience with him to school, with him into his profession and his pulpit was a part of the life of the town in which he lived.

Though Mr. Clark's ministry was given to New England he was a western man, he loved Illinois. A devoted sister still resides in Danville, in this state, and is a friend and supporter of UNITY and the cause it represents. Mr. Clark was planning to visit the west next June accompanied by his oldest son, who is to graduate at his father's alma mater next commencement time, we believe the first son of a graduate to graduate at Meadville.

The funeral exercises were conducted by the Rev. J. W. Roberts, pastor of the church over which Mr. Clark had so well labored and under the shadow of which he had erected for himself a home in which he had planned to end his days. The Rev. Isaac Porter, of Shirley, Mass., was the only one of his old Meadville schoolmates who was able to stand by his bier, but all of such schoolmates as well as the wide brotherhood of the ministry that had learned to respect him, join with the present writer in this word of respect for the faithful ministry and of tribute to a good man.

Allen Walton Gould.—It was shocking news to many of the residents of Chicago as it will be to the many readers of UNITY, that told of the death of Rev. A. W. Gould, so long and so intimately identified with western Unitarianism. Mr. Gould was in the prime of life, in the fifty-first year of his age, and as head of the language department of the Chicago Institute, the new educational institution of which Colonel Francis Parker is president, was in an exceptional position of usefulness, when on Saturday morning last he was found asphyxiated in his dressing room. Being troubled with his eyes, his son had helped him bandage them for the night on Friday evening. He was found next morning, partially undressed, and life had been extinct for some hours, death being brought about, according to the coroner's verdict, by the accidental escape of gas.

Mr. Gould was born in Maine. He graduated at Harvard college in 1872, spent three years at Heidelburg on a University scholarship. He returned to be an assistant professor of Latin in his alma mater, which position he left to become professor of Latin and history at Williams College and latterly at Olivet College, which work he resigned in 1888 to take up the Unitarian ministry at Manistee, Mich. Six years later he took charge of Unity Church at Hinsdale, Ill., a position which he again resigned to accept the secretaryship of the Western Conference. During this time he rendered signal service to the Sunday school cause, particularly in the preparation and publication of his series of "Nature Studies." He was at the time of his death president of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society. For three summers he led the Sunday school department in the Tower Hill summer school. Last fall he returned to his first love as a teacher of languages in the new institution established by Mrs. Blaine. In all these directions Mr. Gould was alert, creative, sympathetic and earnest.

His old parishioners of Hinsdale served as pallbearers. His successor at Hinsdale, Rev. Mr. Elliott, conducted the memorial services at his home, and Rev. Mr. Backus, of the Third Unitarian church, conducted the services at the Oakwood cemetery, where his remains were laid to rest last Sunday afternoon.

Thus the ranks of the workers are thinning. Let the new recruits file in and let the old line close up the gaps, keep the banner flying and see that it is advanced in a manner worthy these color bearers.

Are All Things Fair in War?

We hear much in these days in certain quarters about "civilized warfare." Some of our religious exchanges have been much exercised over the persistence of the Boers and the Filipinos in their resistance to their conquerors, when the struggle has passed beyond what they call the "rules of modern warfare" and has become a guerrilla resistance. We shall await with interest the ethical interpretations of these journals of this last "triumph" of civilized arms in the Philippines. The brilliant achievement of General Funston has been heralded throughout the length and breadth of our land. So far as we have noticed the secular press has unanimously lauded the achievement and has seen nothing in it but glory to the American flag, and most of them have seen in it the brilliant finale to a two years' war. An army of sixty thousand men has been mobilized to meet what the government and the newspapers have persisted in regarding as an inconsiderable insurrection of a semi-barbarous people lead by an unprincipled adventurer. But his alertness, persistency and contagious enthusiasm have been so great that at the last a brigadier general of the civilized army dismounted, laid aside his stars and with a stolen letterhead, a forged autograph and a captured seal, with the aid of a few native renegades to the home cause, succeeded by stealth and treachery in having himself conveyed under a false flag as an alleged prisoner into the presence of this "half civilized" leader who still had left in him too much confidence in human nature, too great faith in his enemy. And then, presto! at the proper moment there was a turning of the tables. Concealed weap-

ons were flashed. The general of the United States army successfully executed the dramatic trick and the "rebel chieftain" was his prisoner. And all the Untied States laughed over the successful issue of this Indian strategy.

The best representation of this kind of campaigning we can think of in current literature is found in the achievements of the death-defying hero of Mary Johnson in "To Have and To Hold," which book of Indian subtlety, piracy and brigandage as exemplified in the early settlements of Virginia is clothed with a new value; it becomes a profitable handbook in military strategy which we commend to the study of ambitious army officers. Perhaps there are in it elements that will make it a valuable text book in the curriculum at West Point.

Seriously here is a great achievement that rests upon lying, forgery, treachery and far planned deceit enforced on paper, in word and in action, glorified by the press and honored by the president of these United States. And the justification lies of course in the fact that it was a "warlike measure." And we cannot well see how all these are not justified by war, the "modern code" concerning spies, flying false colors, the wearing of the enemy's uniform, etc., notwithstanding. We remember some of the representatives of the United States voted against certain so-called "humane restrictions" in modern warfare urged at the Peace Congress at The Hague on the score that if war must be, let it be as terrible and destructive as possible that the end may come the sooner. Let this little comedy of General Funston be taken as an interpreter of war which with the growth of civilization becomes less and less a thing of courage and open prowess, and more a thing of subtlety, of siege, of strategy, aye, of revenue and financial resource. There is in war a growing element of cunning, of stealth, more fittingly represented by the tiger who steals upon his prey and springs upon his victim, than even by the rattlesnake in which there still remains some degenerate kind of honor that compels it to give warning of its presence, a signal to a fair combat.

Yes, Funston has epitomized the war spirit and he has good precedent, for did not Jael invite Sisera into her tent? Did she not cover him with a mantle, give him milk to drink when he asked for water, and promise to stand guard at the door of the tent while the fleeing warrior rested? And then did she not with a hammer in her own hand drive the tent peg through his temple, "fastening it to the ground, when he was fast asleep and weary?" And President McKinley is justified in the bestowing honor upon Funston, for did not Deborah sing a hymn of "praise to the Lord" over Jael's triumph and declare her "blessed above women"?

We know not whether this hero from Kansas whose exploits are frankly spoken of by his superior officer as "the result of a love of adventure," is a reversion or a development, but we do know he is a fixed element in war too little recognized.

If the theory of the administration is a correct one, that these Filipinos that have led our armies such a costly dance for two years are a "degenerate lot of adventurers," "incapable of self government" and "wanting in the discrimination and the emotion that belong to patriotism and democracy, this audacious bit of detective work by the man from Kansas may put an end to the sad, sad business that has cost the United States so many lives, so much treasure, and worse than all such debauchery of morals and degeneracy of ideals. But if history is to decide that Aguinaldo has carried in his heart the inspirations of a patriot, that he has been swayed by a love of liberty, lured by the dream of a republican form of government for his people and that all this has been contagious among his followers, then the memory of this achievement of General Funston will rankle in the heart of their children's children and the story will be told by father to son as a story of ignominy, but the disgrace will belong to the capturer, not to the captured. The achievement is too well represented by the cartoon in a great daily paper that showed him who is now a general in the regular army of the United States, clothed in the garb of an American cowboy, having successfully lassoed the fleeing Malay, dragging him home by the heel with his face on the ground.

And this is war at its best! War as practiced by the most humane of nations, by the boasted republic of the United States of America! Is it not time that war should cease? What better time to cry a halt than now? What country better prepared to bear the burdens and if need be the disgraces of peace than the United States? Surely there is a more excellent way.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

Born at London, O., 1861. Practices his profession as a lawyer in Chicago. Has published "Poems of Gun and Rod," 1892; "Poems," 1895;" "Poems of the Town," 1901.

The Spendthrift Spinner.

With threads of shimmering light and sound
  And men and women for his themes,
With measured foot-fall round and round
  The spinner wove his mesh of dreams.

Rapt thus in introspection rare
  Nor other joy he sought or knew;
And spendthrift-like upon the air
  The spangled wealth of song he threw.

And in about the shining warp
  That gladdened this his lonely room,
Was music, stinging-sweet and sharp
  That lured the spinner to his doom.

Sometimes, indeed, a keen thorn lurked
  Within those swiftly moving strands:
His eyes grew misty as he worked,
  And there was blood upon his hands.

And yet he faltered not nor sighed
  But back and forth the texture drew,
And lavish to the wild winds wide
  The spangled wealth of song he threw.

He spun until the webs of care
  Grew cornerwise across the loom,
And twilight bats dodged here and there
  Athwart the slowly deepening gloom.

He spun until the taut threads bent,
  And death smoothed down his eyelids dim;
What goodly store of gold he spent
  And none brought ever gold to him.

A Message of the Town.

Look up to the stony arches
Where art and mammon meet,
There's a sound where traffic marches
A call in the city street,
For a voice is ever ringing,
"Gird up your loins and flee,
I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

Go forth with a noble yearning,
Give heed to the griefs of men,
And the years will find you turning
To that mocking voice again,
Which ever recurrent whispers,
Like the chant of the restless sea,
"I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

No time for the touch of gladness
Nor yet for the boon of tears,
We toss in a cloud of madness,
Whirled round by the whirling years;
And an echo lingers always
From which we are never free,
"I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

Ay! carve it in iron letters
High over your widest gate,
Since we all must wear the fetters
Who seek the appointed fate.
And the winds shall bring the message
Through all of the days that be,
"I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

One Menace to the Century's Progress.

BY JANE ADDAMS.

An Address Delivered Before the Sunset Club, February 14, 1901.

When Maggie Tulliver was very hard pressed by Stephen Guest, and when she didn't know in the least how to answer his arguments, she as last cried out: "If the past can't guide us, what can guide us?" And so, during the last two weeks, when I have tried very hard to think what was the greatest menace of this new century's progress, the more I tried to think, the more I discovered that I didn't know, and I finally was reduced to this: "If the past century can't guide us, what can guide us?" Possibly, by a very quick review, we may be able to deduce some prognostications for the future, although I think the older one grows the more cautious one is, at any rate about dealing in futures. In the dawn of the Nineteenth Century, everybody was anticipating a new century of human fellowship. We thought, or, rather, they thought, perhaps—I won't put myself back so far as the dawn, although I do belong pretty well back—they thought that because they had formulated the doctrine of human rights, because they had expressed the hope of human solidarity, and, most of all, because they had gotten up a political apparatus for democratic life, that all human ills were cured. Now, certainly, the men who formulated these hopes, if they were living at this moment, would be disappointed in the outcome of democracy. You remember that Mr. Lowell, in one of his English speeches, said that the great achievement of American democracy had been to put the common man upon his feet so that he stood on the eastern shore and looked across to the old world, with its highly organized society, and said, with no deference in his voice, "I am as good as you are." But Mr. Lowell said that the achievement of English democracy has been to make the aristocrat stand upon his feet and take the commoner by the hand and say, "You are as good as I am." Now let us imagine that at the beginning of this century America stood on the eastern shore, that she looked across the Atlantic, and that she shouted out, with all the crudeness, and yet with all the fervor of youth, "I am as good as you are," and then let us say that by the end of the century her face has been turned around, and, instead of standing on the eastern shore, she is standing on the western shore, and that she is looking, not across the Atlantic, but across the Pacific, and the words that the people in Asia and in the islands across the sea are waiting for her to say are these, "You are as good as we are." In the very last days of the century she changed her cry to England into "You are as bad as we are," but she cannot quite bring herself now to say to Asia, "You are as good as we are." Something has happened to her democracy, something ungracious, something unexpected holds her silent, at least for the moment. Some of us have faith that in her mature age she will be able to shout the worthier cry, as in her youth she was able to shout the cruder cry, but certainly she will not say it now. Now, what came to pass during the hundred years? If I were to sum up in a sentence what I consider the greatest possible menace, I should say lack of faith in the people, lack of faith in all kinds of people, lack of faith that the people contain in themselves a dynamic power which only needs to be used in order to make the world better. Why is it that the American nation rises up in this tremendous patriotism over the question of expansion? It is because it gives the people an outlet for their beliefs, gives them a consciousness of nationality, the sense of being in the sweep of the world's activities. And why is it the people are so slow to rouse on the subject of social reform? It is because social reforms are handed out to them as something for "the people," presupposing that they are paralyzed morally and have no share in pushing forward social reforms for themselves. We are having, as a distinguished Englishman said a little while ago, "government for the people, but we are not yet having government by the people." We do not yet believe that each soul has within itself a tremendous power, which, because we distrust it, has not been awakened, and our democracy has not succeeded because it has not been thoroughly tried. If we distrust our own people, of course we distrust other peoples; in neither case have we succeeded in finding the thing which gives them dignity and recognition. A certain set of human energies combined to formulate democratic dogmas, but we do not believe that certain human minds are also able to discover democratic dynamics. Somehow, the human mind is not able to free the dynamics; we are not able to find the enthusiasm we need in the people. Personally, I believe this change came on gradually. I think we allowed ourselves to say a good many harsh things about the foreigners within our borders; sometimes, I regret to say, we said them under the head of philanthropy, often in order to arouse pity, that we might help them, but every time that philanthropy allows itself to belittle the human individual in order to help him, it lowers human nature and pushes it down instead of arousing it to its best. There is a loss of social energy throughout our land, the causes of which we have not yet analyzed, and there are no groups of men studying how to free this social energy, such as the end of the last century produced—men who strove to formulate a faith in it to provide channels through which this social energy might move. Then, we have learned to talk about evolution in a solemn way, as if evolution was a force, instead of being merely a process, as if it could take the place of social energy instead of only teaching us by what method social energy might be directed, what power it has behind it, and the fact that it falls in line with universal laws. We have a way of believing that if any great thing is to be done, it must be done by means of a commercial activity; that moral energy some way is very good in its way as long as applied to individuals and families, but it is not a great force nor a national one. The sociologists talk about the

plus forces that lie outside the human will and energy, and do not urge us to free the forces within ourselves. We will never learn to interpret alien peoples, we will never be able to break through the outside differences, we will never develop in the real democratic direction, so long as we distrust human energy and the power of human thought.

For the sake of its own development, democracy needs to get out of national lines. It seems at this moment to be struggling and drowning in a narrow nationalism. No one who has large hopes for his nation would think that it wanted to be confined always within its own shores; democracy could get an enormous impulse by realizing that it, too, had its place in the world's history, and perhaps that is the test which is coming to us now. We are going out into the world's activities. Of course we are. The question only is, how shall we go out? Shall we go out with the narrow notion of national life, which would claim democracy for itself alone, or shall we be really and truly international in that we throw our energy into other lands, mingling in an absolute equality and only knowing that progress belongs to us altogether.

De Tocqueville, at the beginning of the century, when trying to sum up some of the difficulties which lay ahead of democracy, said that doubtless the great stumbling block would be the belief of the people that a mass judgment was irresistible; that if the majority said a thing was true that it became true at that moment. Now, we haven't any De Tocqueville at the present moment patiently and carefully studying our democracy. Perhaps we don't need a philosopher so much as we need a physician. But at any rate we need to be told that this delusion has taken possession of the nation—not that the mass was irresistible, but that a certain type of civilization is irresistible; that everything must fall before it, that democracy is a mere trifle, that a democratic government is nothing compared with the great gift of civilization which we hold in our hands. Now, commerce is democratic. In spite of all its faults, it is willing to minister to the needs of anybody who will buy its wares, and certainly the highest conceptions of the human mind, if we take them seriously and merely follow the democracy of commerce can be received throughout the world.

But if we lose the belief that it is the business of faith and progress to unlock social energy, that it is its mission to give a meaning and dignity to the life of the humblest man, of course, we have very little to contribute to the world, and it seems to me it doesn't make much difference whether we are in China or not. The thing to get into China for is to bring, not civilization, but the causes and the ideas which lie back of civilization, back of progress itself. So I should say that lack of faith in the people was what was the matter with not only our domestic politics and our expansion abroad, but I should add, with our religion as well.

John G. Fee.

It seems to me that the recent death of Rev. John G. Fee, the founder of Berea College, in Kentucky, calls for some further notice than anything I have chanced to see. Mr. Fee was a character so unique and at the same time so fascinating, his life was so full of romance and of genuine accomplishment, that we may well pause in our busy rush and consider briefly some phases of this interesting career. John G. Fee's parentage was a mixture of Scotch, Irish and English. His father though not exactly sweet fortune's minion, was nevertheless brought up as other young Southern gentlemen of that day were—accustomed to the services of slaves and familiar with all the harsh features of the institution as well as its tender relations. It was in 1842, while he was a student at Lane Seminary, that he experienced a genuine conversion and became convinced of the wickedness of holding slaves. He at once wrote to his father on the subject, whereupon the latter ordered him to come home, and some stormy scenes ensued. Refusing his father's offer to send him to Princeton to complete his theological studies, and unable to convert the latter to his ideas after the most thorough efforts, the young preacher set out to teach the truth to others. "Love to God supreme and to our neighbors as ourselves." That was his theme, and "our neighbors" meant black as well as white. Without fear or favor he preached the gospel of freedom. He showed that the assumption that certain texts in the Old and New Testaments sanctioned slavery was wrong; that the precepts of Christianity must be construed in harmony with its fundamental principles, and that slavery was sinful, as certainly as anything in human action could be sinful.

Mr. Fee married, soon after leaving Lane Seminary, Matilda Hamilton, in whom he found a true helpmeet through all the more than fifty years of their wedded life. This brave couple for more than twenty years faced all sorts of privations and hardships, the jeers of neighbors, even mob violence. Warned to leave the state, Mr. Fee's reply was: "My covenant is upon me to stay in Kentucky and preach this gospel," and he did so. He knew what it was to be shot at while sitting by his fireside, to feel a rope around his neck, to be waylaid, clubbed and stoned. Before 1848 he had been six times in the hands of regularly organized mobs. Said he: "I have by these persecutions been brought into deeper sympathy with Him who said, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you falsely for my sake.' This gracious benediction was more than the malediction of men."

Cassius M. Clay was the early and steadfast friend of Mr. Fee. "Free speech shall be maintained and Fee shall be heard," said Clay to one of the mobs above referred to, and all who knew Clay knew that he meant what he said. Mr. Fee never carried arms, but Clay was a fighter, and his friendship was of great value to the consecrated and persistent preacher. After the Madison county mob, however, Clay advised Fee to leave the state for a time. The latter refused and continued his missionary efforts among the slave-holders.

As one of the results of his ministrations Berea College was founded in 1858, its object being to furnish facilities for a thorough education to both black and white, men and women, at the least possible expense, including manual training. The founder of the new school resolved that "Berea College should be under an influence strictly Christian, and, as such, opposed to sectarianism, slave-holding, caste and every other wrong institution and practice."

In 1859 Mr. Fee, with his wife and children, was at length driven from Kentucky, not through any fear of themselves, but because they felt that they were imperiling the safety of friends. They took refuge on the north bank of the Ohio for some months, when they returned to encounter a new dispensation of mobs and many interesting experiences. The school at Berea prospered and is today a monument to the courage, steadfastness and self-sacrifice of its founder, who a few weeks ago laid down the burden of life among the third generation of students since the school was opened. Mrs. Fee died some three years before her husband.

It is only a few years since Mr. and Mrs. Fee visited the home of the writer, and when they had departed it was as if we had been entertaining angels, so sweet a spirit seemed to linger after them. With a real Southern gallantry and a certain air of command Mr. Fee combined the simplicity of a little child. Very pious, his piety was so unaffected, so thoroughly a part of himself, that one could not possibly resent its manifes-

tation, and when at dusk he proposed to offer prayers the veriest non-conformist as to such observances must have bowed his head reverently; "the quiet face of God" seemed very near. What did old-fashioned theological notions matter when here before us was one of the martyr spirits? Did he insist through weary periods that baptism meant immersion in water—*i. e.*, being actually covered by water?—you forgot all about such dogmas when you looked into those kindly blue eyes and remembered that here was the man who, when a mere youth, had sold his farm to secure the freedom of "Julett," the slave woman whom Mr. Fee, Sr., was about to sell away from her little children.

There was a *naivete* about him that was quite beyond anything of the kind I have ever known. He and Cassius M. Clay, once the firmest friends, had drifted far apart during the years since the war. Mr. Fee was telling us of a recent visit of Clay to Berea. Clay made a speech and Fee did not go to hear him. Meeting him the next day, Mr. Fee explained to him that he had not gone to the speaking because he believed Clay to be a *murderer* and an *adulterer*, giving in detail the reasons for this judgment. Had any other living man than John G. Fee made such a statement it is probable he would have suffered violence at Clay's hands—not even white hairs would have saved him. But Mr. Clay merely inclined his head and said: "Good morning, Brother Fee," and passed on. It is not surprising that the man who could persuade a mob of ruffians to stop and have prayers should be able thus to play the rôle of Nathan. Before all Israel and the sun this man would bear his testimony, and he would do it so simply, with such manifest righteousness of purpose as to silence all disposition to argue or oppose.

In 1893 a friend traveling in Italy visited Kossuth. The old patriot, then 91 years old, thought life a failure and said that philosophers, from Plato to some German he quoted, so regarded it. An excuse for Kossuth's pessimism might be that his cause was a "lost" one; but it was a grand one, nevertheless, and civilization was undoubtedly the loser when Hungary failed. But views of life are largely matters of temperament. I think a man like John G. Fee could never see, except for a moment, any other than a rosy outlook. However dark the clouds, the consciousness that beyond and over all the sun was shining would assert itself. He walked by this faith, which never deserted him.

Mr. Fee, though small and frail in appearance, was a young man at 80, so gay and full of courage he seemed; or, rather, he reminded one of Stevenson's old man in "Virginiker Puerisque": "When a draught might puff him out like a candle, or a stumble shatter him like so much glass, his heart keeps sound and unaffrighted, and he goes on bubbling with laughter." Gifted with what Howells calls a "heaven-born ignorance of the insuperable difficulties of doing right," he went cheerfully stepping into the very Valley of the Shadow, full of plans for the betterment of the world and aglow with bright hopes.

"Oh, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness barely were too long."

Irvington, Ind. GRACE JULIAN CLARKE.

THE SOCIAL CRITIC.

There is no hiding the fact that had the death of President Harrison occurred ten years ago, it would have called forth fewer tributes of deepest laudation for his character than are now expressed. The fact is President Harrison grew. The position which he took on the Philippine question met with the deep down and most sincere convictions and moral sentiment of the American people. We had always been accustomed to think of him as a partisan; we have of late found him to be capable of rising above party. In his death we lose an ideal of that sort of statesmanship which we hope to see established as the rule, and not the exception.

* * *

All the papers have had a whack at President Hadley, of Yale, because he dared to point out the inevitable tendency of commercial and political selfishness. Nearly all the papers, with optimistic confidence, declare our institutions absolutely safe from any possible subversion. Yet scarcely one of them denies that concentration of power has gone on with remarkable speed ever since the civil war. This is manifest, not only in national affairs, but in state affairs as well. Our representatives no longer stand as representatives of the people, but as absolute rulers. Our legislatures are more autocratic than the czar of Russia. The *Independent* of March 21 calls attention to the decadence of local self government. An emperor at Washington would by no means be the worst outcome of this despicable tyranny.

* * *

The press of the United States, as well as the pulpit, absolutely boils over with enthusiasm concerning Mr. Carnegie's gifts. It is a fair question whether Mr. Carnegie, and others who are giving away vast accumulations, are really public benefactors. During the Homestead difficulties, when an offer of help came from a high source, a workman replied, "Damn your gifts; what we want is justice." If these vast accumulations are righteously piled up, and lie along the line of healthy social life, why should they be scattered? If the business of this world can best be accomplished by millionaires, why should the millions be broken up into thousands? On the whole does not Mr. Carnegie remind us of an Eastern Cadi, flinging the ducats, which he has accumulated by taxation, into the hungry crowd that follows his gilded chariot? What is the effect of bottoming our public institutions on charity? The dependence of university professors, and the general drift to bring our public instruction under the mild persuasiveness of mighty benefactors, is not the least nor is it the greatest of the evils we are likely to suffer.

* * *

Have you read David B. Hill's political platform? It is a capital affair—groomed and curried till every hair lies smooth. It would have us go back to the tried and eternal principles of Thomas Jefferson. It looks with steady gaze backward into the past; but of the future it speaks not a single word. Let us say to Mr. Hill that the platform of 1904 will have in it a few principles that belong to the present and the future. It will demand at least election of senators by the people; a curbing of our legislative bodies, and our courts, in such a way as to restore local self government; more or less of direct legislation; and postal savings banks for the people. What we want now, and must secure, is deliverance from representative tyranny, and from the instability of our banking system.

* * *

The effect of negro disfranchisement does not seem to be throwing the power of government into the hands of the white population; but into the hands of a very small fragment of the people. The tendency has been to greatly decrease the number of votes cast in each of the states that has tried the experiment. The key to success with democratic institutions does not seem to be the elimination of the ignorant; but of more importance is the contest which naturally arises between all classes where each one is allowed to freely express his opinions by ballot. The same unfortunate result has followed the excess of legislation in our northern states. Our cities have been meddled with, and deprived of their natural rights, until there is a marked indifference on the part of the citizens as to the result on all questions of popular interest. The people not

only stay away from the caucus but are more inclined to stay away from the polls. We are on the wrong road.

* * *

When the critic received his first copy of *The World's Work* he was in considerable doubt as to its having a proper field in current literature. But now, after the receipt of the March number, he is satisfied that this magazine is one of the invaluables. Not only is its style excellent, and the field that it covers freshly handled, but its moral tone is character-making. Just how an editor accomplishes this result it is hard to say; yet we feel conscious, when we have laid down one magazine, that it is got up to pay; but of another we are just as conscious that it is intended to improve the world—and in the end it will pay. Right alongside *The Literary Digest* we place *The World's Work,* as two essentials in a family, as well as in a scholar's study.

* * *

Professor Charles Eliot Norton said the other day that he looked upon Rough Rider literature as the curse of our time. He said, "The ideals of our community are not now so firmly set on higher things as they were. At the time of the civil war our young men were inspired with more noble motives. There was no boastfulness in the hearts of those who went to put down the rebellion. There was none of the Rough Rider spirit." Perhaps more of us have felt shocked at the Rough Rider tone that has invaded civil life, as well as literature. The critic remembers distinctly that the first organization of the Rough Rider element grated on his sense of honor to humanity.

Higher Living.

We may compare the building of the embryo to the unfolding of a record of memory, which is stored in the central nervous organism of the parent, and impressed in greater or less part on the germ plasma during its construction, in the order in which it is stored. This record may be supposed to be woven into the texture of every organic cell.

—*Cope.*

A child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts.

—*Wordsworth.*

* * *

Responsible parenthood begins at least some two score weeks before the child's birth. Hence, from the very beginning, on through all the ante-natal period, it is by far more than a mere supposition that whatever the anticipatory mother's condition may be, or may become, cannot be rightly disregarded, either by herself or by those around her. Entirely dependent, as the embryo is, upon the mother's blood for requisite nutrition and warmth and protection, it follows that its ultimate growth and promise must be exactly in accordance with the richness, purity and regularity of supply of this, or the reverse. During all the ante-natal period, life for the mother is deterministic life for the growing organism so intimately associated with her.

* * *

This is more clearly appreciated when we note the rapidity and extent of the developmental processes. Starting as a single cell, within three months this has multiplied so as to have reached the marvelous number of at least 26,500,000,000, that is to say, nearly the entire number which at any time comprises the human body. By computation this is seen to have been at something like an average rate of thirty-four thousand for each and every second, while the increase in weight during the entire ante-natal period is reckoned to have been at least thirty thousand fold.

* * *

During the succeeding six months the energy and activity of growth is chiefly given to the elaboration of elements already formed. This continues until, at birth, it has become over five million fold. While this incredible growth has been going on, other equally important changes have occurred in the direction of realizing the special structural plan of the human being. Thus, the cells have become differentiated and grouped into tissues such as bone, muscles, glands, etc., and these, in turn, into systems, such as digestive, circulatory, excretory, and nervous. Moreover, all these latter have been correlated and bound into a unified organism whose many lines of future activity have thus been specifically provided for. Altogether, we must here note a wise provision for plasticity and education, one, moreover, which may be either wisely or unwisely taken advantage of. If wonderful, indeed, in its completeness is the human babe, so is it wonderful in its helplessness, its fragility, and its possibilities for good or ill.

* * *

Unique significance attaches to the fact that it is during this most plastic period that the initiative of higher living, both for the individual and the race, may be, and should be taken. For, in many obvious senses, and most probably in many senses not yet so easily demonstrated, whatever is here initiated, and especially whatever here becomes fixed, not only tends to persist, but in a way which determines the essential characteristics of the organism later on. Physically this is readily proven. Mentally and morally, if not so readily proven, it is quite enough so to warrant the general conclusion.

* * *

Given, then, a normal double parentage, and the infantile character of progeny certainly depends upon whether gestational conditions are favorable or otherwise. If the mother possesses and continues in physical health, and is properly protected from impairing shocks, burdens, or infections; if she have a good mind and be saved from prolonged depressions, griefs, worries, and the many unwholesome mental contagions; if she possess a happy, confident spirit, and be saved from soul-rending superstitions and ignorances; and, especially, if she have the intelligent good sense to every day do the best she can, she can confidently expect that the vitalmost interests of her unborn child will thus be both conserved and advanced.

* * *

Hence, the expectant mother may most profitably remember, that by letting the body become overfed, or under-exercised; by sitting down in idle dreaming, and especially in silly hatred, or despondency; by keeping up over-heated emotions of any kind, or allowing extreme passionate revels or indulgences; by allowing uncalled-for exhaustion; by contracting diseases, or indulging in drug stimulations, or experiencing prolonged and discouraging deprivations, either physical, mental or moral; that, by all these, she can bring about such a deterioration of her own blood as to seriously affect the structural elements of the plastic, impressionable foetus; and that, probably, forever after, the child must necessarily bear the untoward consequences thereof.

* * *

On the contrary, let her but once engage in some laudable physical work such as, for instance, the ordinary light household duties; let her live in as cheerful surroundings as possible; let her read books that inspire and inform; converse with those who uplift; think about high, and holy things; keep before her mind's eye a vivid image of the healthy, happy child she would like to have; reach out to God for a guiding, strengthening hand; live joyfully, energetically, trustingly, for her child's sake; invite and love the idea and experience of motherhood; and she may be equally sure

that heaven will smile upon her so graciously, that she will feel herself

> "Becoming, when the time has birth,
> A lever to uplift the earth,
> And roll it in another course."

* * *

On no account should anything or anybody be allowed or forced to interfere with this, the mother's divine privilege and duty of giving her unborn child, who itself has a most unquestioned right to this, the most complete and symmetrical development possible. Nor society, nor church, nor friends, nor husband, nor other children, nor any kind of self-interest or self-indulgence whatsoever, should be allowed to here have sway. In fact, this, both the biological and ethical imperative, is determined absolutely by the high significance and noble urgency of this aspect of Higher Living. Any sort of chance taking here, is evidence of a moral and intellectual life on the lower vital level which obtained, before the ability of conscious voluntary choice was reached. In this connection, higher living means devoted obedience to modern intelligence, for which, any sort of, even plausible, guessing or fancy cannot, in any right sense, be made a substitute.

SMITH BAKER, M. D.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Best Colinization.

Henry C. Morris' new "History of Colonization"* is a very valuable work. It condenses that vast history into eight hundred pages; and yet makes it not only orderly, clear and interesting, but remarkably full. It presents not only the various movements and methods of colonization in the different nations, ancient and modern, but a mass of information concerning their migrations, trade and governments, and so becomes something like an epitome of the general history of those nations. With so many details, it of course could not avoid errors, but it always gives the authorities in its full footnotes, and thus the means of correcting any mistakes.

It is hardly a work to review—since the author has aimed to collect facts rather than draw conclusions from them, and has very cautiously refrained from the latter. But some conclusions force themselves upon the reader, especially on the important question, Which is better in colonization, individual freedom or government control? Indeed, Mr. Morris seems to invite us to consider that question. For in his broadest classification of colonies, he makes just this two-fold division of them: "Those intentionally established by the government, and those unconsciously created by the people." In the former class, he names those of Rome and Spain as "directly inaugurated by the state," and those of Holland and England in the East Indies as "indirectly erected or aided" by it. In the other class, of colonies "constituted by personal effort," he names those of Greece, and of Great Britain in North America and Australia; and he would have included those of Phenicia, which he shows to have been much like the Greek and of great importance.

It would seem easy to show that the colonies of the latter class have been far more successful, in the best sense of the word. That those of England on our continent have been so, no American can doubt, and that those in Australia have been, their remarkable progress proves. These two cases are undoubtedly the most successful in modern colonization. Hence it only remains for us to notice the other two—of the Greeks and Phenicians.

The Phenicians, though "the first colonizing people," "the acknowledged forerunner in historical colonial enterprise," yet carried it further than any modern nation, in proportion to their numbers, and in consideration of the conditions. Their home land was only a little strip of sea coast, "with an area approximating two thousand square miles,—that is, less than one-fortieth the size of Minnesota. Yet they established what Mr. Morris calls "a vast system of colonization," to which he gives more space in his work than to that of all Roman history. From farmers and fishermen, they became the sailors and traders of the world of their time, and a thousand years B. C. their ships were sailing, not only all over the Mediterranean and along the Atlantic coast north and south, but through the Red sea and in the Indian ocean, though the voyage from Tyre to Cadiz took more time then, than from London to Bombay now. Their trading stations became Phenician settlements, too, and Maspero says these settlements "always assumed the character of colonies," and "became at length important towns." For the Phenicians were not mere traders, but skilful workers in woods, metals, wool, dyes, glass and many an industry. The bible shows Solomon sending to them for skill to build and decorate his temple, and Hebrew prophets call Tyre "the mart of nations," "the merchant of the people unto many isles," who "dost enrich the kings of the earth with the multitude of thy merchandise." For they enriched not only themselves, but others. Lenormant, speaking of their settlements "along all the shores of the Mediterranean" and elsewhere, says each "became a center for the propagation of material civilization," and "it is impossible to overrate the part which the Phenicians played in the ancient world, and the greatness of their influence." Their influence was much more than material, too; and our very alphabet is said to have been introduced to Europe by them. Europa herself was in the legends the daughter of a Phenician king. Mr. Morris, too, says "they unconsciously bore with their ships a cargo immeasurably more precious than that of merchandise," and by their colonization "the Phenicians conferred incalculable benefits upon future generations."

Yet this so beneficial and successful colonization came from private enterprise, rather than from any general action of government. Indeed, the Phenicians had little general government. Their home territory, small as it was, was yet divided into many petty kingdoms, with separate royal families, and "each town was an independent community," says Grote. They had something like a federal congress, but even that showed their local independence, since the very capital established for its meeting consisted of three different towns for separating the representatives of the three chief states, and was hence called Tripolis, "three cities." Grote says that this triple capital, made up of "distinct towns," "each with its own separate walls" (as if the representatives of Illinois and Indiana should inhabit different parts of Washington and keep a wall between them), forcibly illustrates the jealous local independence of the Phenicians. Hence their colonization was not an enterprise of the nation, but of separate towns, and of smaller companies in each. Still more independent were the colonies, established on distant shores, and each was comparatively free from the mother country.

For the same reason, Phenician colonization was peaceable. Doubtless the Phenicians cheated, robbed and even killed without much conscience,—as they do in Homer and Herodotus, and as all of their contemporaries did. But they were a comparatively peaceful people, and their colonies, being private enterprises, generally small and commercial, practiced little violence. Their daughter colony of Carthage did indeed afterward become a warring nation, colonizing by conquest; but in this was very different from its parent.

*"The History of Colonization, From the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By Henry C. Morris. In two volumes. New York: Macmillan Co. London: Macmillan & Co. 1900.

Of the Phenicians, Mr. Morris says: "They never, in the true sense of the word, turned their eyes to conquest;" "they were not a conquering nation; in their treatment of the aborigines, they rarely fought them;" and "except Cyprus, all their possessions were acquired by peaceful methods." Elsewhere, speaking of the great bequest of the Phenicians to the world by "their broad diffusion of the elements of civilization," he adds: "Their method was not less remarkable. They stand the first,—in antiquity perhaps the only race,—who by peaceful means attained world-wide supremacy;—for not only on the sea, but likewise on land, they were the acknowledged sovereign people of their time."

Greek colonization was still more successful, because extending not merely a material and transient civilization, but an intellectual and spiritual influence for all time. It was even geographically extensive, covering the islands and shores of the Mediterranean and Black seas, until "Great Greece," Magna Gracia, was not at home, but in Italy, and most of Greece was in her colonies. The success of these colonies is shown still further by the fact that so many of them reached renown before the mother country. Says Sir George Cornwall Lewis: "Many of the Greek colonies grew more rapidly than the mother cities; the Greek towns in Asia Minor, Italy and Sicily outstripped the towns in Greece itself; the children came to full strength before the parent states." Nor was this growth in size alone, but in real greatness. Most of the earlier Greeks whom we honor came from the colonies; and Holm says in his history: "The Greeks of Asia Minor and the islands, together with those of the west, were always, up to the close of the sixth century B. C., at the head of the intellectual progress of Hellas." Thence came such eminent names as Homer, Sappho, Alcaeus, Herodotus, Hippocrates, Thales and Heraclitus. For even philosophy started in the colonies; and Von Ranke, speaking of the "remarkable fact" that the Greek schools of Pythagoras, Xenophanes and Empedocles, were not in Greece, but in Italy and Sicily, says there were developed ideas which "form the foundation of all the philosophy of the human race." In many ways, Greek colonization was so effective, not as a political power, but as a lasting influence, that Von Ranke calls it "the most remarkable conquest ever made."

Yet this, too, was a "conquest" by free individuals, rather than by government. Indeed, there was no general government in Greece until the days of her decline, but each little state was independent of all the rest. Prof. Freeman has written that from any lofty peak there, we might have looked down on several capitals and sovereign commonwealths "of every varying shade of political constitution;" and "at a few miles from the gates of one independent city, we may find another speaking the same language, worshiping the same gods, but living under different municipal laws, different political constitutions, with a different coinage, different weights and measures, different names, it may be, for the very months of the year." Within each city, too, was much freedom, which found expression in the colonization. The Greek, says Holm, "wished to be a free citizen, he wanted scope for the full development of his faculties. If this was denied him at home, he selected a band of companions, took ship, and settled in countries that appeared to offer him profits and security; and the new colony thus formed, though retaining the religion and very fire from the public hearth of the mother city, became "politically absolutely independent."

Greek colonization being thus mainly a movement of individual freedom rather than of government, was attended by little violence or wrong. Says Mr. Morris: "The colonies were generally of peaceful origin. The band of emigrants were usually small in number and poor in means. They sought, as a rule, some spot unoccupied by the Phenicians or Carthaginians, and there located;" or "they went among the barbarians, purchased the right to a little land, and then by barter and traffic laid the foundation of future cities." Their "conquests were nearly always peaceful and without military force; only in the later period of development did war play an important role."

Thus the Greek colonies were almost the opposite of the Roman, which were founded by government to extend Roman power, generally in existing towns whose citizens were dispossessed for the purpose; and were in their origin, as Niebuhr says, "little more than garrisons in conquered fortified places." Mr. Morris calls the Roman, "colonies by conquest;" and hence not of the successful kind, since "among all the different kinds of dependencies, military outposts are the least productive, the least happy, and the least enduring." He therefore rates the Roman low; and while devoting over forty pages to the colonies of little Greece, he gives less than thirteen to those of Great Roman. Indeed, he hardly rates the latter as colonies at all, but says the Greeks "close the story of ancient colonization," and from then "until after the decline of the Roman empire, in spite of the latter's foreign possessions, not any real colonies are to be reckoned." Even in what Rome called "colonies," he sees the peaceful element as the valuable one, and says: "Her soldiers were far more for the empire and for the race as property owners than as successful invaders," and "the greater achievements of Rome were not by the sword, but by the plow." This is taught also in the very Roman and English word "colony," derived from the Latin "colonus," a farmer, and that in turn from "colere," whence our "cultivate."

Rome met her ruin largely because she forgot this lesson that true conquest and colonization go only with honest culture of the soil and society, of farms and freedom. In enslaving the world, she lost herself. So did Greece; and when she abandoned her love of liberty, her glory went down in disgrace. Mighty in her wars of self-defence, and winning almost miraculous victories at Marathon and Salamis, she became weak under the spirit of conquest. It was well told by William Everett last summer. "Athens went on expanding;" "she transferred the treasury to her own citadel;" "wider and wider did the empire of Athenian democracy extend;" "and the heart of Athens got drunk with glory, and the brain of Athens got crazed with power, and the roar of her boasting rose to heaven, joined with the wail of her deceived and trampled subjects;" but soon "her victorious fleet and her impregnable walls were destroyed." The fate of Greece followed. "Enslaved by faithless Sparta, enslaved by Macedonia, enslaved by Rome, enslaved by the Turks; poor Greece holds at last what she calls her independence, under the protection of the great governing nations, who let her live because they cannot agree how to cut up her carcass if they slay her." That, said the honored Harvard orator, is "what befell a noble nation which took up the work of benevolently absorbing the world."

Minneapolis. HENRY M. SIMMONS.

"The New Epoch for Faith."*

Dr. Gordon's latest book, with the above title, leaves an impression similar to that of a fugue for the organ by Bach. The theme is given forth clearly and simply: "The purpose of this volume is to discover and announce the chief significance for faith of the nineteenth century. It is believed that the great witness of that century is the witness to man." So writes the author in the preface. And then the repetitions, the involu-

* "The New Epoch for Faith," by George A. Gordon, Minister of the Old South Church, Boston. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1901.

tions and the variations of the theme begin and chase each other breathlessly through the book, the author meanwhile pulling out stop after stop of history, of philosophy and of literature, the bassoon of humor playing quaintly here and there and the strong diapason of a great and unconquerable optimism dominating all.

It is a refreshing and stimulating book, not so much by reason of a consistent logic running through it all (for that seems to break at many points) as by reason of great insights and uplifts; and this, after all, is the best gift we can ask of a fellow mortal.

The volume, as published, is a recent course of Lowell lectures much enlarged, but the plan is essentially the same. "The Advent of Humanity," "The New Appreciation of Christianity," "The Discipline of Doubt," "The Return of Faith," "The New Help From History" and "Things Expected" are the titles of the successive chapters. And there can be said of all the chapters what the general-in-chief said to his subordinate as he came up with recruits: "Strike in anywhere; there's splendid fighting all along the line." This, however, by no means implies that the book is partisan or polemical in tone. Its temper is too fine, its motive too lofty, its appreciation of the moving forces of the age and of the value of the liberal and critical contributions to faith, too sympathetic to admit the possibility of such an inference. There is now and then an exception to this prevailing mood; for Dr. Gordon still "hath a controversy" with his liberal friends, notably those of the Unitarian name, whose contribution to theology and faith he in the main admits with right royal candor. But when it comes to the interpretation of Christ and his place in history Dr. Gordon pulls down his visor, feels the edge of his good sword and plants himself to maintain "the unique incarnation in Christ in the interest of the universal incarnation in humanity." And here it may be remarked that Dr. Gordon, in stating the claims of Christ for himself and his witness to himself, at times fails to make the appeal to history and the use of the historic method which as a principle of interpretation he seems to admit and exalt. He does not appear to raise the question, for example, in freely mingling citations from the Synoptics and the Fourth Gospel, whether the latter are to be qualified in any measure by reason of their Alexandrian source. But the sturdy message of the prophet after all puts the controversial passages into a very subordinate place. We cite a single passage from the close of the chapter on the Discipline of Doubt: "The century has indeed been a day of judgment upon the worth of the highest possessions of the race . . . Underneath the loose rubbish heap of traditions, covered up by accumulations of superstition, false opinion, inadequate notions, superficial, distorted and incredible interpretations there is something that cannot be shaken. The doubt of the world, the long and sore agitations of history, the sad intensity of the negative intellect in the nineteenth century is for no other purpose than to free the essential from the unessential, the abiding truth from the beggarly elements, the eternal gospel from the vanishing traditions of men. Slowly through the vast and painful destructive process there is emerging the kingdom that cannot be shaken. The doubt that is instrumental in the discovery of that kingdom is a discipline in the interest of the best achievement and the highest happiness of mankind."

This is the dominant mood of the book, and it is by this that the book is to be judged.

The sense of humor and the perspective of history are two canons which the writer constantly insists upon and applies. And these certainly are the two which give either a philosophy of history or a sane interpretation of current life. No one more than the reformer, the philanthropist and every one who longs to see life grow better and evil put away needs to take to heart these two tests, the test of history and of humor; to feel that "with God a thousand years are as one day, and to appreciate moreover that even God may have a quiet laugh all to himself over the affairs of the world and the ways of men.

"The people of God have lost their sense of humor, because they have lost the truth of their religion," the writer says in a most illuminating comment upon the book of Jonah, that fine embodiment of Hebrew humor, and he adds, "Now that the Jonah story is alive with interest for Christian people, assuming as it is the function of a tract for the times, it looks as if sanity and seriousness, genuine humor and true religion, were upon the eve of a revival."

And, let us add, a book like this shuld be no small influence in bringing about a result so much to be desired. F. E. DEWHURST.

"The Ascension of Isaiah."*

Dr. Charles's "Critical History of the Doctrine for Future Life in Israel, Judaism and Christianity" furnishes imposing evidence of his nice familiarity with the whole range of subjects of which his present work is a particular illustration. To the great majority of students this book is simply marvelous for the patience manifested in its explicit and implicit character. It is even wonderful that there are printers in the world who can do such work as that necessary for the parallel reproduction of the Ethiopic version, together with a New Greek fragment, two Latin versions and the Latin translation of the Slavonic form. The proof-reading must have been a painful experience.

The whole business is an analogue to the work of an entomologist giving a year or two to the study of the abdominal parasites of the white ant. But, even for those who have no critical apparatus that will enable them to enter into the nicer of these delicate discriminations, "The Ascension of Isaiah," is interesting and instructive, reflecting as it does a strong light on early Christian thought and life. It is a composite work partly of Jewish, partly of Christian origin, a minor example of that habit of amalgamation of which the New Testament Apocalypse as it now stands, is a major one. The Jewish basis is "The Martyrdom of Isaiah," but the Christian additions are an amalgam of selections from "The Testament of Hezekiah" and "The Visions of Isaiah," secure for the "Ascension" its main importance for the modern student of Christian origins. To say that we have here a farrago of nonsense would be to violate the demands of the historic sense. The "Martyrdom" was probably written during the first century, A. D., and near its end; the "Testament" soon after, and the "Vision" at no great distance. It is impossible to say when these three documents were joined together into the "Ascension." Probably near the end of the second century, A. D., or near the beginning of the third.

The light thrown on the time of the original documents brings out in vivid lines the chaos of beliefs and morals in which early Christianity was then weltering. The points that emerge most clearly are: The anti-Christ legend; a new doctrine of the Seven Heavens; Docetism, representing the birth of Jesus as being without pain; a peculiar conception of the Trinity; the Neronic myth (the expected return of Nero, etc.), which plays an important part in the New Testament Apocalypse. Taken in its entirety we could not have a more vivid comment on early Christianity than this book presents, nor one more ironical on those who would have us return to that Christianity for the standard of our theological and ecclesiastical ideals. J. W. C.

*The Ascention of Isaiah Edited with Introduction notes and indices by R. H. Charles, D. D., Professor of Biblical Greek, Trinity College, Dublin, London, Adam and Charles Black, New York, The Macmillan Company.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—God supplies the wants which he has created.

MON.—Do not think that you can covet the advantages of the rich and powerful, and keep clear of their temptations.

TUES.—Truth is given, not to be contemplated, but to be done.

WED.—There are times when the truest courage is shown in retreating from a temptation.

THURS.—It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are.

FRI.—There is a divine depth in silence. We meet God alone.

SAT.—Come what may, hold fast to love. Though men should rend your heart, let them not embitter or harden it.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

Three April Fools.

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST.

Three little blue-birds sitting in the sun:
"Glorious weather! Spring has begun!
We've been South and just got back,
Hardly had time yet to unpack,
Can't get our music out, but still
We can sing with a right good will:
'March is here, and June's on the way,'—
This is the blue-birds' roundelay."

APRIL FIRST.

Three little birds in the evergreen tree,
Cuddled together close as can be,
Shivering wings and curled-up toes—
All because of the April snows.
We'll put crumbs on the door-step here,
For there's nothing else to eat, I fear;
And Spring, who never comes by rules,
Has made three blue-birds April Fools!

—*The Advance.*

Easter in Various Countries.

The word "Easter" is derived from "Eastre," the Saxon goddess, whose festival was held in April, and who is really the same as Astarte, the Phœnician goddess of the moon.

Easter is called "Pâques" by the French. The Christian festival never takes place earlier than March 22, or later than April 25.

Easter customs in old times varied greatly. One almost universal among Christians of that period was the distribution of pace, or pasch, eggs.

The word "pasch" is derived from the Greek pascha, the passover. These dyed eggs were often of many colors, like Joseph's coat, sometimes bearing friendly messages inscribed in ink.

The Persians present each other with dyed eggs at their festival of the solar new year, in March.

In Scotland, where for many centuries all great festivals of this kind have been suppressed, the young people still enjoy their hard-boiled, dyed eggs, rolling and throwing them about, and in the end devouring them with great relish.

In Paris it was an old custom to stone Jews upon Easter day; and woe to that unlucky individual who should be found in the streets! After catching the unfortunate son of Abraham, he was marched to the church, and there punished for the evil deeds of his ancestors.

In some places, where the Mohanmmedan religion prevails, lambs and sheep are killed, and the blood allowed to run through the streets on Easter; while men and women hasten to dip some portion of their garments, and stain themselves with the red fluid.

In Mexico all who can go in crowds to the capital to enjoy the festivities. The celebration begins on Easter Eve. The large public square is like a fair ground, adorned with booths of every size and description. These are covered with branches of trees, in which lights are placed.

One might almost imagine it to be Christmas, on account of the variety of articles and toys of all kinds offered for sale.

Boys in numbers are continually passing through the crowds, begging every one to buy little cakes baked in the form of crosses, crowns of thorns, and the sepulchre. The rich and poor alike seem merry of heart, and at least once a year meet together at this joyous festival.

In various counties in England the clerk visits every house after service, bearing with him some white cakes that are far from palatable on account of their mingled bitter and sweet taste. In return for these cakes, he receives a compensation according to the generosity or means of the recipient.

At the Voralberg, in the Tyrol, Easter is celebrated on the evening of Holy Saturday. Bands of musicians, wearing wide-rimmed Spanish hats gayly decorated with garlands of flowers, march through the various valleys, playing sweet music on their guitars and singing beautiful Easter hymns. As they pass, the people come flocking to their doors, and join in the choruses.

Crowds of merry children follow in the wake of these music-makers, and, when night comes on, bear lighted torches of pine wood, that give a weird effect to the scene, throwing strange, fantastic shadows over the queer little wooden huts and the crowds of spectators.

In every house you will find the pasch, or paschal, eggs, boiled hard and dyed in the brightest colors. Others are simply white, with suitable mottoes in colors on their shells.

The children present their baskets at the various doors, and the good wife gives these Easter products freely. Sometimes wine is brought out as well as eggs. Thus the singers are regaled for their tuneful carols.—*Lizzie De Armond.*

Strength and Beauty.

The hills have healing in them because it is there the spring brooks are born. Nothing is sweeter than the evolution of a little brook. First, there is the wet, spongy place, where the wild flags bloom, and the ferns are thick; and a little farther down a few drops of water ooze out from under a stone and drop down over another; and a little farther on it begins to trickle and then to gurgle and get a song in its heart, and the birds and the squirrels and the cottontails and the wild fawns drink at its side and thank God. And soon it gets courage, and burrows out for itself deep holes under the dark rocks where the trout hide, and then rushes forth over the great boulders and splashes white in the sun, making a sight so beautiful that the little, dark water-ouzel dives into it for very delight. Thank God for the brook that runs among the hills; the water is sweet and clear and cool, and the whole career of it, from the time it oozes out from under the rock at the canyon head until it pours its courageous tide into the mountain lake, is full of courage mingled with beauty.—*C. A. Banks.*

Easter Hymn.

Never more shall mortal sorrow
Make in human hearts despair;
Never shall the doubtful morrow
Crush beyond our strength to bear.

—*Thomas W. Parsons.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Every Day.

The morning-glory hangs her blossoms out
Fresh every dawn;
Yesterday's blooms lived out their little hour,
And then were gone.

So live today with patient, steadfast will
And loyal heart;
Then shall tomorrow find thee truer still
To bear thy part.

And if no morrow ever come to thee
Be thou content,
If but today has borne its very best
Before it went.—*Selected.*

Foreign Notes.

STUDENTS' CO-OPERATIVE RESTAURANT.—The *Revue du Foyer Domestique* tells of an interesting project submitted to the students of the Sorbonne by Mr. Charles Gide, the well known professor of social economics of the faculty of law in Paris. Addressing a gathering of 1,500 students recently the professor said that they ought to have a restaurant of their own. It would be, he said, quite possible to find some generous individual to furnish the funds for such an establishment, but then it would not be of the students' creation. He proposed instead, therefore, the formation of a student company issuing 25 franc ($5) shares of stock. Under the present very liberal law only one tenth of the price of a share need be paid cash down. The balance might be paid by the student sou by sou. When he had had 450 meals he would find himself owner of a share of the stock and would be a capitalist. Then though he might fail in his examinations at the end of the year, he would at least be a stockholder, and his parents could feel that he had not entirely wasted his time at the capital.

TEMPERANCE WORK IN FRANCE.—In several Geneva papers appear more or less full accounts of a lecture recently given in that city on the work of the French Anti-Alcohol League, by Mr. Marillier, one of its vice presidents and chief promotors. This society is primarily hygienic and non-sectarian. Its members pledge themselves to total abstention from spirituous liquors and to moderation in the use of fermented beverages. It already has 850 branches and 50,000 members. One great source of its strength and influence lies in the fact that it has the government behind it. As has been before pointed out in these columns, France being a great wine growing country, temperance efforts directed against the use of wine as a beverage would find little favor or encouragement, and in fact it is not in that direction that the present danger for the French people lies, but in the growing use of absinthe, vermouth and liquors of that nature. In combating the use of these the society is sure of government support, the deputies being ready to protect the interests of their vine-growing constituents. Evidence of this is found in the decision of the Ministry of Public Instruction establishing anti-alcohol instruction in the public schools and in those of the Ministries of War and of the Navy forbidding the sale of liquors in the army canteens and restricting the distribution of brandy to the crews of the fleet. Support of a more local character has not been wanting in the form of resolutions by councils and placards posted by various prefects, while a large number of junior branches have been formed among the school children. Protestant pastors from the first gave the League their support and later many priests and bishops. It is now trying to win friends and allies in the socialist camp. The central body is strictly neutral in religion and politics but accepts as affiliated branches religious, political and professional associations. The League publishes a little paper *l'Alcool*, gives lectures and devotes its efforts mainly to eduational and preventive work, leaving to the *Croix-Blue* the task of reforming confirmed drunkards.

A RESTORED BIBLE.—UNITY readers scarcely need to be reminded of the three distinct forms in which the Bible exists today: the Jewish, the Protestant and the Catholic; the former the original collection of writings, the second those same writings translated into modern tongues and re-arranged in an order which puts all the books on the same level as to value and authority, with the addition sometimes of the apocrypha; while the third is the Jewish Bible translated into Latin with the books in the same order as in the Protestant Bible save that the apocryphal books are inserted in accordance with their subject matter and without distinction as to value. This latter, as we know, was based on the Alexandrine or Greek Bible, which became that of the mother church. The re-arrangement of the books was not a deliberate and intentional variation from the Hebrew order, but came about quite naturally from the way the work of translation was done by scholars and scribes working more or less independently during a period of more than one hundred and fifty years. It was the reformers of the sixteenth century who threw out all the books not contained in the Hebrew Book and classed them as apocryphal, but stopping there in the work of reform produced our Protestant Bible, Hebraic as to contents but Greek or Latin in arrangement. To rectify this inconsistency and to make available to students a Bible in which the return to their original order shall make clear the distinctions as to date, character and value so marked in the Hebrew original, the Protestant Bible Society of Paris has now, at the suggestion of Mr. Sabatier, dean of the Theological Faculty, issued some hundreds of copies of its new edition with the books in the original Hebrew order. It offers these copies to French pastors and theological students for the mere cost of transportation. A limited number of them will also be on sale at the Society's headquarters, 54 *Rue des Sainte-Peres*, Paris.

M. E. H.

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